THE TEACHER

AS HE SHOULD BE

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED, JULY 8, 1891, BEFORE THE NEW YORK STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION; AND, WITH SLIGHT CHANGES, JULY 21, 1891, BEFORE THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, BY

C. W. BARDEEN

Editor of the School Bulletin

SYRACUSE, N. Y.:
C. W. BARDEEN, PUBLISHER
1891

Books of Reference.

The distinctive feature of a scholar's library is the large proportion of its books of reference. Education does not fill up a man with information: it teaches him where to go for information when he wants it, and gives him the habit of going for it when he wants it. This requires that he have at hand the books he will most frequently refer to. After the dictionary, among those most important to the teacher are the following:

1. The Cyclopædia of Education. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 562, $3.75.

This compares with other books on education as the dictionary compares with the spelling-book. The latter is useful, but the former is indispensable. In the latter you *may* find the word you want; in the former you are sure to This is a day when teachers must be well informed. Here are some of the topics you may be asked questions about, or may want to inform yourself about: *Pestalozzi, Comenius, Object Teaching, Ascham, Froebel, Thomas Arnold, The Kindergarten, Horace Mann, School Management, Industrial Education, School Economy, German Schools, School Law, Slojd, etc., etc.* You may be sure you can find all of these topics and scores more like them in this book. It is the Pedagogical Unabridged Dictionary, and every energetic teacher must have it.

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"I am very much pleased with it, and shall have it at once placed on our library list and made one of the requisites for the teacher's desk."—*Supt. C. T. Meredith*, Ventura Co., Cal.

C. W. BARDEEN, Publisher, Syracuse, N. Y.

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Teaching as a Business for Men. An Address before the National Educational Association, July 17, 1885. 8vo, pp. 20, 25 cents.

The Teacher's Commercial Value. An Address before the New York State Teachers' Association, July 9, 1885. 8vo, pp. 20, 25 cents.

"*Organization*" *and* "*System*" *vs. Originality in the Teacher.* An Address before the National Educational Association, July, 11, 1890, by HENRY SABIN, State Superintendent of Iowa, with opening of the Discussion by C. W. BARDEEN. 8vo, pp. 9, 15 cents.

Some Facts about our Public Schools. A Plea for the Township System. An address before the New York State Association of School Commissioners and City Superintendents, Feb. 20, 1878. 8vo, pp. 32, 25 cents.

The Present Status of the Township System. An Address before the New York State Teachers' Association, July 10, 1878. (*Not printed.*)

The Present Status of the Township System. An Address before the New York State Association of School Commissioners and City Superintendents, Jan. 9, 1889. With an appendix containing the bill introduced in the Legislature of 1890. 8vo, pp. 60, 40 cents.

The Tax-Payer and the Township System. An Address before the New Jersey State Teachers' Association, July 2, 1891. 8vo, pp. 15. 25 cts.

Effect of the College Preparatory High School upon Attendance and Scholarship in the Lower Grades. An Address before the Department of Secondary Education of the National Educational Association, July 9, 1890. 8vo, pp. 5, 15 cents.

Educational Journalism. An Address before the New York State Teachers' Association, July 6, 1881. 8vo, pp. 30. (*Now out of print.*)

THE TEACHER AS HE SHOULD BE.

My earliest ideas of art are connected with a picture in the advertising columns of the weekly newspaper. It represented two men; one lean and lank and decrepit, walking about to save funeral expenses, and labelled "Before taking;" the other blooming with full vigor of manhood, and labelled "After taking". Dr. Andrews has shown you the teacher "before taking"; I am to show you the other one.

A careful compilation of the characteristics ascribed to the Ideal Teacher in previous addresses upon the subject shows that he must be affable, benignant, courteous, decorous, exact, fervent, genteel, humorous, immaculate, judicious, keen, lenient, modest, neat, orderly, prompt, quiet, robust, scholarly, tranquil, ubiquitous, vigilant, wary, 'xemplary, youthful, and zealous. My subject, therefore, naturally divides itself into twenty-seven heads: the twenty-six which I have mentioned—and which I will omit; and a twenty-seventh, which is that he should be a Man.

For after all, that is about all there is of it. A person may have every one of these twenty-six characteristics and yet be a poor stick of a teacher. He may lack them all, and yet be the one great force for good in the lives of his pupils. During the war when things looked dark and Artemus Ward was discouraged, he spoke a little piece on specialties. He said John Adams's specialty was so-and-so, and Thomas Jefferson's was this, and Alexander Hamilton's was that; but George Washington's specialty consisted in not having any body at the present day resemble him to any alarming degree. It is this quality of pre-

eminence,—of a personality that dominates and compels recognition, that marks the ideal teacher. He never deserves the name unless his pupils say of him reverently,

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

Suppose we apply the inductive method. Let us select four of the recognized great teachers of recent generations, and see what qualities they had in common.

There will be no dispute as to whose name should head the list. With Thomas Arnold let us associate Edward Thring, Emma Willard, and Mark Hopkins. The eminence of these teachers is established. I suppose if there were a vacant position on the institute corps Judge Draper would consider any one of them an eligible candidate. Language can go no farther.

But when we apply to them our twenty-six adjectives we are perplexed. For one thing, none of them were great scholars. Edward Thring and Mark Hopkins were not even bookish in their tastes, but read marvellously little for men of their station. As for professional reading, they never thought of it. Not one of the four could pass a teachers'-class examination in methods, as laid down in DeGraff's School Room Guide.

Time will not permit me to analyze at length the characters of all of them, but suppose we look for a moment at one who ranks well with the rest, and whose name is just now much mentioned in a neighboring city. We shall find that Emma Willard lacked a great many things that school commissioners deem essential to a first-grade certificate.

A teacher ought to have a "professional spirit". Had Mrs. Willard? No: when she began teaching her sole object was to assist her husband in his pecuniary affairs, and she did not do a great amount of personal teaching after she got money enough together to hire others to do it.

A teacher should be absorbed in her work, most critics tell us. Was Mrs. Willard? She writes from Middlebury: "I go to school generally before nine and stay till one; come home, snatch my dinner, go again, and stay till almost sundown; come home and dress in a great hurry to go abroad; get home about ten, fatigued enough to go to bed, and lie till seven the next morning, with hardly time enough to mend my stockings."

A teacher ought to be free from vanity. Was Emma Willard? No, she was one of the vainest women that ever lived. She went to a museum in Paris. In her own words: "I told them I was connected with an establishment for female education, or in other words was a school-mistress, and I dare say I gave them to understand, though I cannot tell in exactly what form of words, that I thought I was a pretty good one, too."

Gen. Lafayette had enjoyed his reception by her young ladies, and paid her much attention in France. To her he was therefore not only the great man of Europe, but in her own words "the acknowledged father of my country,"—which shows what an oversight it was on Washington's part to die before he visited Troy. She made one of Gen. Lafayette's party to the opera, and as they went out the crowd made respectful passage for them. "I can scarcely describe my own feelings," she writes; "I was with him whom from my infancy I had venerated as the best of men; whom for a long period of my life I had never hoped even to see in this world. Now I read with him his noble history in the melting eyes of his ardent nation. And I saw that he was regarded as he is, the father of France—aye, and of America too. America! my own loved land! It was for her sake I was thus honored, and it was for me to feel her share in the common emotion. My spirit seemed to dilate, and for a moment, self-personified as the genius of my country, I enjoyed to the full his triumph, who is at once her father, and her adopted son."

She used to write letters to the great men of the time,—Webster, Clay, Benton, the Presidents, and so on,—whether she knew them or not, and whether the letters were answered or not. She began a letter to Abraham Lincoln thus: "Dear Sir: Presuming I am known to you as a writer of my country's history, and having just heard that the great cares which weigh upon you begin to tell upon your physical health, I determined to write to you my high approval of your general course and leading measures."

We regret that, in the language of her biographer, he was too preoccupied to reply.

She was equally unlimited in her choice of topics. A gentleman was asked what was the specialty of a certain man of scientific pretensions. "In these days" was the careful reply, "a scientist's specialty must be very narrow. It must be not all natural history, but zoölogy; not all zoölogy but insects; not all insects, but diptera; not all diptera, but the flea, and so on. Now Mr. Blank's specialty is omniscience."

So it might be said of Mrs. Willard that her specialty was omniscience. She knew a good deal about female education but she was just as ready to pronounce authoritative opinions upon any other subject. During the war she published a pamphlet on the Negro, pointing out that God had made him black so that his place as servant in the family should be unmistakably settled, all jealous heart-burnings and vain expectations spared, and a permanent order in the household established. She strode into the medical field, and invented a theory of circulation and respiration that was solemnly endorsed in 1851 by this Association. Under this theory a consumptive in the last stages had only to throw open a window and inhale deep draughts of the winter air, and all would be well—a simpler cure than Dr. Koch's and perhaps no shorter-lived.

I could occupy all my time telling of the foolish things Emma Willard did in her long and busy life. So I could pick a handful of pebbles from a fallow meadow, and show them to you as a specimen of the soil. Emma Willard could afford to do foolish things; for she was a great woman, and in the light of her noble character and her inestimable services to her sex these defects sink into insignificance.

I am a hero-worshipper. I want to die long before I cease to believe, I do not say in goodness and in greatness, but in good men and great men. It is the curse of this generation that in the same breadth we say of a scoundrel, "O well, I dare say the rest of us are just as bad if we were only found out"; and of a noble champion of God's truth, "He knows on which side his bread is buttered". Coleridge said his Mephistopheles was to have made all things equally vain and of little worth by commingling the infinitely great with the infinitely little. Of all that an evil spirit denies, we lose most as we are pervaded by his denial of distinction in the motives of human action.

But my hero-worship is not panegyric. If you tell me that Thomas Arnold had no faults, you do not raise my opinion of him, but you show me that you lack information and judgment. All men have faults, and great men are sure to have marked faults. It is a sign of a great man that he can afford to have faults, and of a clear mind to see the faults only in perspective.

Let me illustrate.

The great man in my own experience as a pupil, the only teacher out of the hundred I had who left in me a recognized uplifting of my whole nature through his personality, knew less about mathematics than I do about the next world; for I know that I know nothing about the next world, and he never found out that he knew nothing about algebra. I remember vividly a typical recitation. The class had stumbled over

the proof that $a^0=1$. So he went to the board to help us out. Chalk in hand he began bravely: "$a^0=$ ". A pause, a turn to the side of his shaggy locks: " $=a^0$ ". A further pause, and then below: "$a^0=$ "; and then quickly: "$=a^0$. So you see $a^0=1$. Next." A whisk of the eraser, and he slunk back to his seat and went on with the lesson.

Now there is in combination every possible fault in a recitation. As an educated man he ought to have been able to demonstrate that $a^0=1$ anywhere and at any time. I could do it myself, though I haven't taught school in twenty years.

Then if he was going to teach algebra at all, he ought to have prepared his lesson. He might at least have committed the demonstration to memory.

Then if he didn't know it he ought to have acknowledged it, and not to have sneaked out of it by a transparent subterfuge.

In fact if you as a young commissioner were to judge him by that recitation you wouldn't have granted him a third-grade certificate. You would have told him that the quicker he got out of the school-room and into some legitimate business for which he had some adaptation, the better. And yet that man was head and shoulders the best teacher I ever had. He knew less than nothing about mathematics, but O what a Greek scholar he was! His boys went down to Yale fully abreast in technicalities of Uncle Sam's Andover pets, and in critical appreciation way beyond them. It was an inspiration to recite to him in Homer. There we saw him at his best, for he loved the language and the lines. Unconsciously he lavished upon us there all the earnestness, the simplicity, the depth, and the richness of his character. No boy ever graduated under William Hutchison without a loftier ideal of what it was to be a man.

We never thought he was without faults, but what did we care for them? His algebra recitations were ridiculous; but

think what a glorious old fellow he must have been that he could every day go through such fatuous performances and not a boy in the room think less of him.

Now understand me, I do not mean that a man is ever greater on account of his faults. Mr. Hutchison would have been a better teacher, and I should be to-day a better scholar if he had either mastered mathematics or refused to teach it. But that one weakness of his stood out against such a wealth of strength that it was simply funny to us from its incongruity.

I want to emphasize this, for it is the underlying point of this address. Teachers are judged too much by characteristics, too little by character.

You come to me for a teacher, and I say, "Well, here is a capital man in most ways, but he lacks tact." Like a flash you reply, "That settles it; tact is indispensable."

Is it? That depends on the man. Thomas Arnold had no tact; Edward Thring abounded in the lack of it: so if all men had been of your mind England would have missed the two greatest teachers she ever knew.

In fact specification of non-essentials is the rock upon which many a school-board splits. A committee come to me and say: "We want a principal, both normal and college graduate; not less than 25 or more than 30 years old; rather tall, and weighing from 150 to 175 pounds; married, with an agreeable wife and two or three children; who has had experience in a school under the Regents, holds a State certificate by examination, and can show that in every school where he has taught he has increased the foreign attendance."

"And what will you pay?" I ask.

"Well if he just suits us, we will give him seven hundred and fifty dollars."

One is reminded of the dignified but seedy individual who

entered a cheap restaurant, took off his gloves, hung his hat and overcoat upon the hooks, dusted the chair, brushed the crumbs from the table-cloth, and then addressed the waiter as follows:

"If you have just the right kind of oysters in just the right condition, please take half a pint of small ones (not too small you know), and strain the juice off them carefully, leaving just a little juice on them; put them in a pan which has been scoured and dried, and then add a little butter (good, pure butter) and a little milk (not New York milk, but real cow's milk), and then place the pan over a coal-fire, being careful to keep the pan in motion so as not to let the oysters or milk burn; add a little juice if you choose, and then watch the pan closely so that the exact moment it comes to boil you can whip it off. At the same time have a deep dish warming near at hand, and when you see the first sign of boiling empty the pan into the dish. Do you think you can remember that?"

And the waiter, who had listened respectfully, called wearily down into the kitchen, "One stew!"

So the school board that goes so much into detail in prescribing qualifications will find in the end that it has secured one stick.

The worst of it is, trustees are often the most strenuous about the least important. A committee says:

"We want an intermediate teacher, normal graduate; between 22 and 26 years old; rather imposing in height; dressing neatly but not showily, with preference for dark colors; at least four years' experience, the last half in graded schools; who can play the organ for marching, has read occasional papers at county associations, and attends the Free-Will Baptist church. Salary seven dollars a week."

"And if you can't get quite all these things?"

"Well she *must* be a Free-Will Baptist."

You remember the perplexity of the boy who as he grew up was astonished to learn that our Saviour was born a Jew. He said he had always supposed God was a Presbyterian.

It is most exasperating when these narrow critics pride themselves on rejecting a teacher for some trivial defect. They have found that he is a noble christian man, of long and successful experience, and they cast him aside because in writing of punishment he spells corporal with an *e*. Now it is a fault not to spell well; so far as it goes it counts against a teacher, decidedly. But the woods are full of teachers

Who never wrote a misspelled word
Nor ever said a wise one.

It makes a difference whether the word is spelled correctly, but it makes more difference what the word is and what it means. Suppose I am on the point of purchasing Judge Hilton's park at Saratoga. By a reversal of conditions I have become wealthy and he—an editor. The place seems to suit me: he wants to sell and I want to buy. I drive out there and as I pass through the gate I see a cobble-stone lying in the middle of the roadway. "That's enough for me," I say: "turn around and drive back to the hotel. I don't want any country-place so poorly taken care of that roadways are sprinkled with cobble-stones."

Ridiculous, isn't it? Well isn't it just as ridiculous to reject a man finally and solely because he spells separate with three *e*'s? The road ought not to have cobble-stones in it, but won't it be better to drive around the rest of the place and see whether the cobble-stone is typical or exceptional? The teacher ought not to misspell separate, but won't it look better to look farther and see whether this blunder is characteristic, or whether it is an exception that proves the rule?

A few weeks ago I recommended to one of the best superin-

tendents I know, a lady whom I pronounced exceptionally fitted to fill a responsible position. He liked what I said of her and what she said of herself in a letter of application; but in an accompanying page giving an outline of her experience, she had written:

"Born ——, June 21, 1866.

Graduated from ——, 1883.

Taught ——, 1883–1886," etc.

He showed me this sheet and said it astonished him to find a teacher generally well-educated who would end these statements with periods. They were parts of one sentence, and should have been separated by semicolons. In fact this seemed to him so unpardonable a blunder that though in his search for a teacher he passed through the village where she was employed, he would not stop to see her. Think of it! One of the noblest women that man ever left unmarried, with a record of unbroken and progressive success as a teacher, and he wouldn't stop to see her because it was her judgment to use periods where it was his to use semicolons!

I remember years ago a story the principal told us of a classmate since risen to eminence; a teacher who in his early days was on the point of engagement where he lost the place in this way. The trustees had met to engage him, and were waiting for a ninth member to come that the vote might be unanimous. The clerk happened to remember that he had received a letter asking some trifling question of detail as to the household arrangements, explaining in a bashful way that this interested him as he was about "*se nubere.*" That finished him. The chairman smiled a superior smile as he remarked that a man who didn't know enough of Latin customs and the Latin language to be aware that it was the bride who veiled herself and not the bridegroom, would not be needed as principal of ——

Academy. The superior smile spread, and a nincompoop who had sense enough to write in English was selected instead.

Now it was a bad blunder for this man to say he was about *se nubere;* it was a worse one to use a Latin expression, even bashfully, where Anglo-Saxon would have expressed the meaning better. But was this little slip sufficient reason for rejecting a man whose general scholarship and teaching skill and executive ability were attested by ten years of marked success in like work? I am glad to say in this case the rejected candidate was employed by a less finical board of trustees in a neighboring academy, hitherto a feeble rival, but since then of such rapid growth that it has long overshadowed the other.

These men would not have rejected a 2.20 horse because one of his ears had been clipped a trifle, or a Holstein cow of big milking-record because her white belt was a little wider on the near side. But this pedantic chairman chuckled so conceitedly over this one little blunder he had chanced to detect, that he forgot all the evidence of exceptional ability, and in rejecting this man permitted his academy so effectually to veil itself that it has been wedded to obscurity ever since.

When Robert Bonner wanted a mate for Dexter, he offered a hundred thousand dollars for any horse that could equal Dexter's record. He cared nothing for details. The horse might have four white feet and a white nose (as indeed Dexter had!), a docked tail, knock-knees, the blind-staggers if you will—still the money was ready. All he asked for was a horse that could trot in 2.18.

School committees might well partake something of this spirit. See everything if you will: length of the hair, color of the neck-tie, quality of the cuffs,—I agree with you, it all counts. I respect the judgment of the Irishman who declined to vote for a candidate with a No. 6 hat and No. 12 shoes, if that was all

the Irishman knew about him. But remember that sometimes a man's a man for a' that, and that when he has a record behind him there are other things to consider than whether he patronizes your tailor and attends your church.

O my friends, why not say, "Give me the most of a Man you can for the money." If he can turn your boys and girls into honest, earnest, scholarly, self-respecting, high-minded men and women, be he tall or short, young or old, graduate or no graduate, Baptist or Unitarian, Tammany Democrat or Prohibitionist, he is the man you want.

Here is the difficulty in applying to the selection of teachers, the rules of the Civil Service. Those who heard the persuasive voice of George William Curtis at Philadelphia, last winter, might well have been allured for the moment into believing that it was the great need of our schools to be brought under the operation of the Civil Service. But reflection shows that character, personality, individual influence can never be determined by question papers. It is legitimate to establish a minimum standard of qualification, as by our uniform examinations; but when you go farther and say this man must be taken because he passed 97 per cent, and that man must be rejected because he passed 96⅞ per cent, you go too far. As Superintendent Draper puts it, "The State has every right to say who shall not teach, but she has no right to say who shall teach."

Hence it is perhaps not altogether to be regretted that an application of Chancellor Curtis's principle should have occurred so soon and in his own university. The New York commisson held that the two inspectors of academies,—officers in whom the requirement of scholarship was as nothing compared with those of experience, judgment, the respect and confidence of the academy principals,—should be appointed by competitive examination. You might as well pick out a wife by competitive

examination. The action of the commission in this matter has put back civil service reform ten years, if indeed among thinking men it has not dealt it an irreparable blow.

"I say, Mac," asked a customer of an Ann street bookseller, "what is this edition de luxy I see publishers advertising of so many books?"

"An *edition de luxe?*" replied the bookseller cheerfully; "why, you've seen a rabbit?"

"Yes."

"And you've seen a jackass?"

"Yes."

"Well, a jackass is an *edition de luxe* of a rabbit."

If the New York Civil Service Commission were to be judged by its action upon academy inspectors, it might well be called an *edition de luxe*—in continuous proportion.

All these small measures that you apply to ordinary men fail when you come to such a teacher as I am considering.

Take tact for instance. The youngest committeeman knows that tact is indispensable, and he does not draw a very definite distinction between tact and policy. The teacher must know how to get along smoothly. Boards of education like a teacher of whom they hear nothing. A principal like a stomach is perfect only when you are unconscious of him. He reports at the annual meeting that the teachers are excellent, the textbooks are giving entire satisfaction, there is no need of any apparatus, and the commissioner told him this was the best school in the county. So he is re-elected year after year, and if you ask any one in the village whether there is a school there, the reply will be, "Why, I suppose so; the bell rings every morning." To some people it is with the school as with the Indian—the only good school is a dead school.

You know this type of teacher: there are a great many of

him. He is the man who is continually making his calling sure by making sure of his election—his next one. He is satisfied to have, like a geometrical point, position without magnitude.

Now what is tact, but yielding to the whims of others? The average teacher must have it, because without it he cannot get along at all. But the masterful teacher does not steer himself sinuously about the edges of other people's whims so as not to graze them: he teaches other people to keep their whims out of his way. The man of tact adapts himself to circumstances; the masterful man controls them. It is better to yield than to quarrel, but it is better yet to control.

It is a great blessing to come under the influence of a masterful man. This age loses something of the mental fibre that characterizes pioneers, because it is less accustomed to grapple with difficulties. It has been calculated to the fraction of a per cent. what the average boy can do. His life gets set in a groove, and he anticipates only disaster if he should jump the rails and strike out into the fields.

But the masterful teacher shows him that the possibilities have not yet been surmised, and leads him to substitute for the confident "It can't be done," the hopeful "Let's give it a try." This is no age to sit by the side of the brook and wait for the water to run by. "Young men," Martin Anderson used to say, "*make* things come to pass." The power of the human will has too little recognition in education. It does remove mountains; mountains vanish before it.

Can you not sacrifice something in non-essentials to secure a man like this? The ideal is of course the iron hand in the velvet glove; but suppose you can't have both, which will you dispense with, the hand or the glove? The glove is smoother; but in this modern current of indolence, indifference, and conscious

helplessness it takes a strong grip on the oar to turn your school up-stream and give your scholars a purpose to live for.

The teacher's morality, for instance, must be of the stalwart type. It is not enough that he be inoffensive; he must be aggressively honest and pure. No didactic lessons have such effect upon watchful pupils as the instinctive gesture of contempt in a pure-minded teacher when there is any manifestation of baseness; nor can they atone for the weakening of the pupil's moral fibre when the teacher makes light of dishonesty in examination, or shows enjoyment of a libidinous jest. Says the latest biographer of Thomas Arnold:

"The great peculiarity and charm of his nature seemed to lie in the regal supremacy of the moral and the spiritual element over his whole being and powers. His intellectual faculties were not such as to surpass those of many who were his contemporaries; in scholarship he occupied a subordinate place to several who filled situations like his; and he had not much of what is usually called tact in his dealings with either the juvenile or the adult mind. What gave him his power, and secured for him so deeply the respect and veneration of his pupils and acquaintances, was the intensely religious character of his whole life."

It is this positive element that is indispensable in the ideal teacher. We want more of the Robert Browning estimate of men, not by what they refrain from, but by what they do. It is the Bible judgment. The man with one talent whimpered that he didn't drink, he didn't smoke, he didn't swear, he didn't play billiards, he never sat down to the table with his coat off or ate with his knife; but the great Judge interrupted him: "What are the things you *have* done to make the world better?" And the man who hadn't done anything was done for.

I have said that Dr. Andrews's picture was of the teacher "before taking"; I might add that mine is of the teacher before being taken, and not altogether likely to be taken.

A while ago a man was praising his preceptress to me interminably, and to get to a period I summed it up for him. "In short," I said, "she is a royal woman."

"Royal!" he exclaimed, starting on a fresh tack, "royal! She's more than royal: she is empirical!"

He hadn't had the Regents' syllabus in etymology, but there are boards of education that, honest Indian, would rather have for principal a quack than a king.

For what is a quack? Why, a quack is a man who makes up for ignorance of his subject by knowledge of his victim. He can't cure a man, but he can flatter him. The educational quack knows little about pedagogy, but he knows a good deal about making every member of the board in turn believe that he is the member who is running the school. And that member likes it.

For it is an unhappy fact that independence of thought and action is about the last thing a board of education looks for in a teacher. You know the cities of this State pretty well: tell me how many of them would employ a masterful man for superintendent—if they knew it. I doubt if the Republican caucus would have united on Judge Draper five years ago, if they had foreseen where he was going to land them. Educational officials want a man to carry out their ideas, not to originate ideas of his own.

Suppose we tried that in other professions. I go to a physician and say, "I want you to doctor my family, but you must come to me first to find out what is the matter with them and how to cure it. You can mix and administer the doses, but I

will prescribe them." He would be very likely to leave me to the tender mercies of Tutt's Pills.

Or suppose, again, I go to a lawyer and say: "I have a complicated case here that I want taken care of, but you must do it in my way. I will explain what the law is and how to apply it, but you can make out the papers and address the jury." He would be apt to remind me that the man who was his own lawyer had a fool for a client.

Or again, suppose I say to a clergyman, "We have decided to hire you as pastor, but you will understand that you must follow our dictation. We have here an elaborate printed course, giving you the subject of each sermon and prayer throughout the year, and the length of them, and should like to have the manuscripts submitted to us for revision on the Saturday before." He won't tell us he would see us in Gehenna first, but he will think our chances are good to get there.

Edward Thring wrote to a friend who asked advice:

"My view is simple. The skilled workman ought to be allowed uncontrolled management of the work. Governors ought to sanction his plan of work originally, and see that the work up to a fair average is honestly done. But no work can flourish over a series of years which is exposed to interference from local amateurs in authority."

When the teacher is as he should be, that view of his office will be recognized and maintained.

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